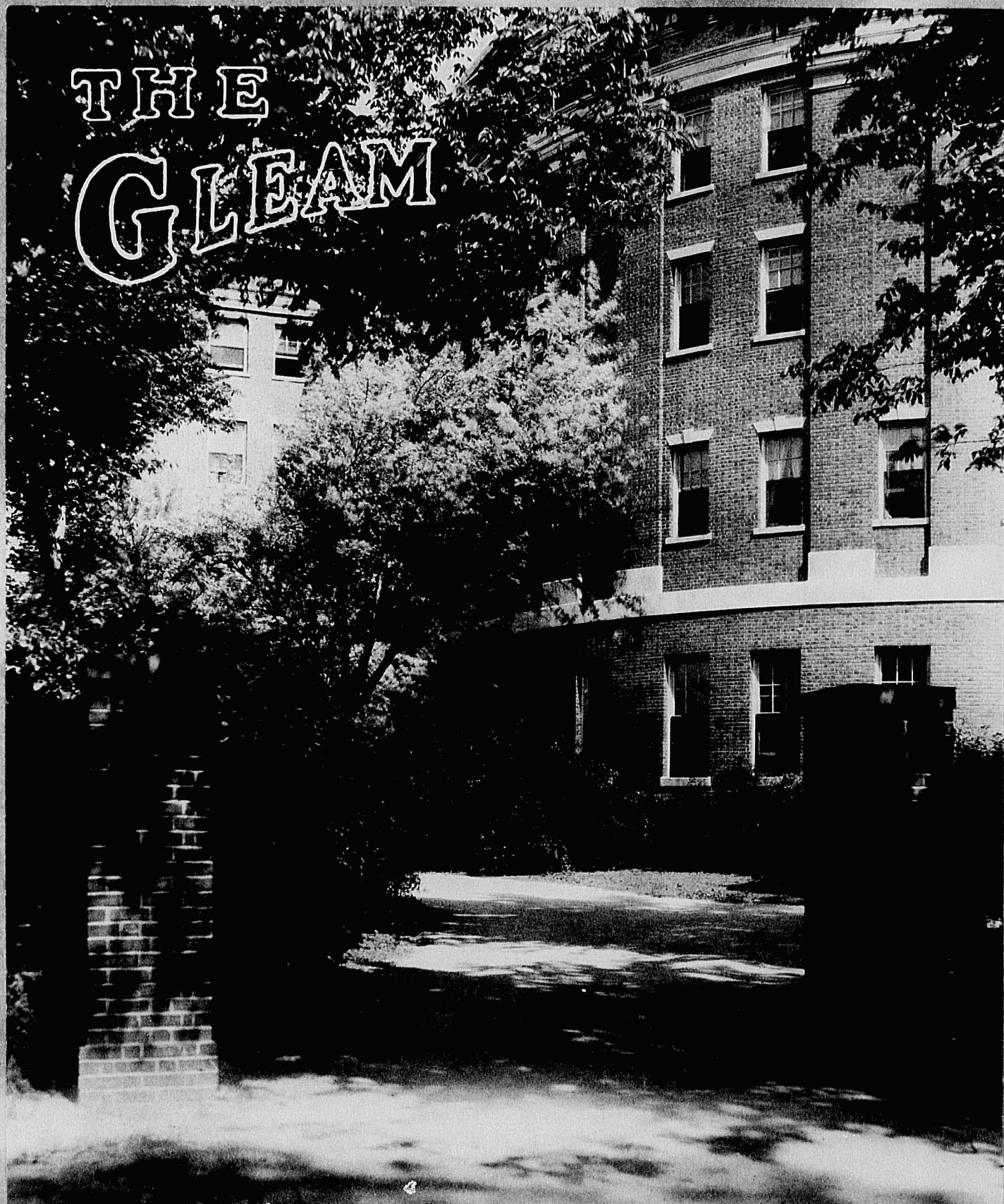


# THE GLEAM







# The Gleam

VOL. V.

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., April, 1927

No. 3

## Retreat---1927

(A teacher's thoughts)

"I will lead her into the wilderness,  
and there I shall speak to her soul."

RETREAT-unwonted silence  
falls,  
Hushed voice, the girlish laugh is  
stilled:

Gay rooms and one time noisy  
halls

Take on a quiet atmosphere  
That seems not of the Now and  
Here:

Young hearts, by soul adventure  
thrilled,

Have hearkened to the Master's  
call

To "Come apart and rest awhile."

Ah, youthful questor of the Golden  
Main,

How can we tell what thoughts  
lie hid

Within that seeming frivolous  
brain,

Behind those seldom serious eyes  
That now look straight to Para-  
dise?

You hold your soul apart—for-  
bid—

Yet is God ravished of the beauty  
there

His handiwork, exceeding fair.

Who knows what melody in heart  
and mind

Has been awakened by some note  
In chance struck hymn or prayer,  
to find

It shall reverberate for long  
In high-souled venture and endur-  
ing song

Within a life, strong dowered to  
win

Legion of followers to Him,  
Whose vassal love has made her.

## The Candleholder

"I will be a candleholder and look on."  
—Shakespeare.

"Ask me another?"

On the street car, the bus, coming from  
school, on trains or at parties, question  
follows question and what does it all  
mean? What is this sudden desire to  
absorb all the knowledge in the world  
seemingly. Why, who could answer such  
silly questions?

Haven't you heard the latest and new-  
est since the cross-word puzzle? It's  
none other than the best seller in stores  
and newstands, "The Question Book." This  
book in some form, gilt-edged with  
leather binding or just rough cut with  
a pasteboard cover has an honored  
place in the best regulated of families. It  
keeps children and parents anxiously  
searching in dictionaries, encyclopedias,  
or the Social Directory, seeking answers  
to queries that are as old as time. All  
this is just another fad, and like the  
best or the worst (as the case may be)  
it has taken the world by storm and in a  
year or less will probably die a natural  
death.

It's good effects, however, should more  
than neutralize its bad ones, for surely it  
does keep alive the instinct of curiosity in  
the young and reawakens it in the mind  
of the generation now grown.

\* \* \*

"Now have I packed everything?"

"Oh, I know I'll get home and discover  
I've forgotten the prayer book I just  
bought for Jimmie."

"My rings are on the dresser and I  
must get them, and oh, the cab is al-  
ready here. Do wait just a minute."

Imagine, if you can, all these remarks  
and many more escaping the lips of the  
much-excited boarders preparing to go  
home for the Easter holidays. Descrip-  
tions could never give one an idea of the  
joyous thrill of suspense in a school girl's  
heart as she locks her grip, gives her  
girl friends a good-bye kiss and then into  
a taxi to catch a train leaving twenty  
minutes later.

\* \* \*

Just a serious thought to remind  
us that Lent is over! To some of  
us it will mean a renewed interest in  
shows that we sacrificed for this holy  
season, or perhaps the breaking of a  
candy or ice cream fast! All of these  
things the Lord does notice, I am sure.  
However, maybe another group have made  
new resolutions for Lent, for instance,  
saying the Rosary or the Stations of the  
Cross, or perhaps, just running into the  
chapel to spend a lone minute or two  
with God. If it has meant any of these  
things do not let the dawn of Easter

Sunday make you forget them. Make  
these little sacrifices (if they were such)  
part of your daily life and next Lent  
you will be able to offer something much  
greater with less effort!

—Catherine Lee Dever, '27.

## A Word on the Film

Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S. J., en-  
route to his home in St. Louis from Cali-  
fornia, spent several days in Kansas  
City, during which he paid that long-  
anticipated visit to the College, March  
11. Father has been out in Hollywood  
as the advisory critic and guest of Cecile  
B. DeMille, who is producing that mas-  
terpiece of cinema art, "The King of  
Kings." The glowing accounts of the  
days on the "lot" were thrilling, but the  
vivid description of "life as it is lived"  
on location by the film folk rather dis-  
illusioned our would-be "picture" stars.  
In his possession Father Lord has many  
photographs of various scenes from "The  
King of Kings," which he described most  
enthusiastically. Certainly any audience  
having heard this will be "first-nighters"  
when this production appears in our city!

—Catherine Clarke, '27.

## Our Retreat

For three days, from the evening of  
April 10 to the evening of April 14, we  
girls here at St. Teresa strove to take  
our minds off all those harassing prob-  
lems of young girlhood and turn them to  
our God.

As retreat master we were fortunate  
enough to have the Reverend Father  
Gunn, C. Ss. R. Much of the fervor  
noticed among our little group was, no  
doubt, due to those inspiring lectures of  
Father Gunn. Though simply delivered  
they were straight to the point, and left  
not a doubt in our minds concerning all  
those little problems which crop up from  
day to day in a school girl's life.

As to the girls, their complete re-  
sponse to the demands of a retreat was  
most edifying. As I write this account  
I am confident that each one of us has  
carried away, out into the busy routine  
of our lives, some little problems or—  
perhaps some great problem—solved, or  
a resolution for the better, as a result  
of concentrated thought on those wise  
counsels of Father's.

Therefore, on the part of all my fel-  
low students I thank all who assisted in  
making this fruitful retreat possible, and  
most particularly Father Gunn for his  
kindness in devoting to us his time and  
valuable counsel.

—Mary Margaret Savage, '27.

## The Gleam

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## Editorials

"In the spring a young girl's fancy  
lightly turns to—"

Practically anything save school. If I were an editor of the true to form variety, I suppose I should urge you not to let these glorious spring days of sunshine deter you from your books. I should call down condemnation on those of you who listened to the voice of the bird, perched on the sill of the French class room window, rather than that of Sister. I should make my contribution to the paper a source of inspiration to those of us who are weakening, so that we all might resist this tantalizing atmosphere, and zealously close our eyes and ears to everything in nature that is calling us.

However, since we are not blind and we all have our ears trained not to miss a thing, the above may in all truth be declared impossible.

Speaking of blind persons—how much they must miss during this season of the year. Just imagine not being able to see God's sun; not to be able to see those delicious bits of fluffy white clouds floating lazily about in a sky whose blue you long to put in a dress; to miss seeing the awakening of all nature and its preparation for the feast of the Resurrection. This would indeed be a great pity.

Someone has said that at this season there are more things to listen to than to see. We will not bother to argue the point for we want to stop just one minute and think of what it would mean if we were to miss the cheery note of the robin, or the insistent drum of the woodpecker. Would spring be spring without the melodious tones of the thrush or the vibrant strains of the meadowlark? Many of us probably do not recognize all the bird calls but we enjoy and watch for them nevertheless. To miss hearing the first warm

breeze rustle through the new leaves or any other of those humming, buzzing sounds so typical of spring would indeed be a great pity.

Physically we are all very fortunate. We can enjoy the rejuvenation, the resurrection of the earth to a great extent. I almost said, to the fullest extent—but if our spiritual eyes and ears be closed we cannot. We will miss more than the person who cannot see, more than the one who cannot hear. We will fail to see the real spirit of spring.

We will fail to hear its message. If all this earthly beauty does not make us catch our breath and wonder as to the beauty of its Creator, we are seeing nature with unseeing eyes. If the songs of the birds gladden only our ears and not our hearts, we do not hear and are indeed to be pitied.

Not so very long ago a girl told me that she was just beginning to think. The casual observer will picture her a person of low mental calibre and decidedly frivolous tastes. She is neither. Were I to tell you of the active part she has taken in all school activities, and the excellent grades she has made, you would immediately pronounce her an ideal student. Just what did she mean then? Certainly such a person has thought before reaching college. Of course she had—about clothes, and whether she would come out as well in her next chemistry exam as she had in the last. She had wondered, too, if the girls would really get enthusiastic over the Mission plan, or if she was putting as much time on her French as she should.

You see she really meant well but her thinking was done in about as consistent a manner as stated above. Only now has the realization actually dawned upon her that running various plans through one's mind is not thinking. To think is to meditate seriously upon some one thought, to try to fathom the depths of it, to find what relation it bears to you or the subject under consideration.

The girl wisely said it was the best step she had yet taken.

## Fructus Inter Folia

"It is easier to be critical than correct."  
—Adopted.

The efforts of "Fructus" are turned towards magazines this issue. The past month has been very "fruitful" in magazine material. The April Forum abounds in excellent reading:

\* \* \*

Frederick L. Allen's article, "Spring and the Poets," is most diverting. He suggests, among other things—

### ODE TO APRIL

The slush it has melted

But the mud is still here.

Hail! April, thou messiest

Month of the year.

I'm down with the grippe and

My love she has the flue.

Hail! April, physicians

Sing pains to you!

\* \* \*

"Alcohol and Psychology," by George Patrick is a very interesting discussion on the most current of current topics—Prohibition. Mr. Patrick seeks to reveal

the "alcohol motive" by stressing the psychological effect of the 18th amendment on otherwise law-abiding citizens.

\* \* \*

"Short Skirts and French Dictators," by Carrie Chapman Catt, is most amusing. M. Paul Poiret, the fashion dictator, predicts that thirty years will see women in trousers. Now, Mrs. Catt assures us that originally trousers were exclusively a feminine garment, and that only men enjoyed the privilege of the skirt—so, demands Carrie Catt, "will the London Trust put men back into their own skirts?"

\* \* \*

"Imagine Senator Borah," she writes, "declaiming Nicaragua for Nicaraguans" in a "Roman toga of poppy-colored velvet faced with scallops of gold"; or President Coolidge pleading for fewer cruisers in a canary yellow with blue diaphanous scarf; or imagine plumbers in tunics of scarlet, green or yellow."

\* \* \*

In the poetry section, "Picture Show," by Deane Whittier Cotton particularly caught my fancy. It is the beautiful knowledge of God coming from an old work-worn farmer. Somehow it brought to my mind "The Juggler of Our Lady."

\* \* \*

Have you ever stopped to think what a unique honor our church has paid to womanhood? Have you ever reflected upon what part a woman played in our redemption? Then you should read "A Catholic Laywoman's View-Point," by Grace Housmann Sherwood in Scribners for March, 1927. In this convincing and most sincere article, Mrs. Sherwood lays bare the facts of her religion, its practices and their relations to her, stressing particularly the important place to which womanhood was raised "when the most stupendous message ever sent from God to man was sent to woman."

\* \* \*

In the "Field of Art" of Scribners, Royal Cortissoz pays tribute to a great artist, Claude Monet, whose passing did not mark the close of an epoch, but rather left to the world the impressionistic idea which has so enriched painting and made him a living factor in modern art. "He painted great pictures, he won fame and renown, he left an ineffaceable mark upon his time, because he had a lofty standard and never wavered in his allegiance to it."

—Catherine Clarke.

—Charmian Coffield.

## In Memoriam

ESTHER GOLDBERG

March 1, 1913

March 17, 1927

It is with profound sympathy for her devoted parents that we chronicle the death of one of our Academy Freshmen. Esther was with us only a few months, but her love and loyalty to St. Teresa's was most marked, and we are glad to know that in her brief but excruciating illness her thoughts turned constantly to St. Teresa's and to her teachers and young friends here. They will long remember her for her gentle and amiable disposition.

May she rest in peace.



## The Ship's Steward

New York City.

My dear Alphonse:

Just a few lines to let you know that we have at last booked passage. After having read over the sailing list of the Empress of Scotland I have decided to go by way of that liner. Reginald St. Cloud Widdemir is to be a fellow passenger. I couldn't have asked for better luck. Such a splendid opportunity for Eloise. He is the heir of Lord Darnley. One can do so much aboard ship. I nearly forgot to mention that dear Kenneth is sailing with us. I could lure him away, but then the band business is made so attractive nowadays.

I shall write and let you know how things work out.

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

On board ship.

My dear Alphonse:

Young Reginald Widdemir is such an attractive boy. A trifle eccentric, it's true, but one must expect that among nobility, mustn't one? He is quite smitten with my charming Eloise. But I fear Eloise will be difficult. Dear Kenneth describes him in his own way as a "ripping chappie." Truly things are going smoothly.

I should have told you sooner that the weather is beautiful, so calm. No one seems the least bit ill, but then it is only the first day out, you know.

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

On board ship.

My dear Alphonse:

Reginald is becoming quite attentive. But Eloise! Why must she be so difficult—a daughter of mine spurning nobility. Truly, it is exasperating. Silly talk about marriage for love. If her mother had married for love she wouldn't be lounging in a fur-lined coat on board the Empress of Scotland. Seen through the eyes of a silly girl the junior officer on this ship is far too attractive. If it isn't one thing, it's another. Why must junior officers be handsome young men of about twenty-five, and why must they be allowed at the captain's table?

My dear Alphonse, things are not working out so well.

LAURA.

On board ship.

My dear Alphonse:

I have been confined to my state-room today and not from seasickness. I could have stood an affair with a junior officer, but dear Kenneth discovered Eloise with our deck steward last night. When I spoke to her the child impertinently declared she loved the person—an English country lad. Too perfectly shocking, is it not, my dear Alphonse? And dear Reggy following her around so attentively—do you wonder at my having a collapse?

We dock tomorrow and I must add that dear Reggy (Reginald St. Cloud Widdemir, my dear Alphonse) has invited us to his father's lodge for the hunting season. Eloise seemed quite anxious to go, the impossible child.

Your distraught sister,

LAURA.

London.

My dear Alphonse:

We are ready to leave for Warwickshire for the hunting season, but all the pleasure has been taken from my trip. Despite all I can do, Eloise still sees this impossible steward. He has resigned from the service and is living at Clifton Arms (an inn owned by his father—an innkeeper's son, my dear Alphonse) in Warwickshire. Do you think I am wise in going? I am sure dear Reggy will propose, but with Eloise in this state, I'm not sure she'll accept. What is a well-meaning, ambitious mother to do with a daughter like Eloise? Truly, my dear Alphonse, I am in a state of hysterics.

Do you really think I'm wise in going?

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

Warwickshire.

My dear Alphonse:

Wonderful, wonderful news. The innkeeper's son is not an innkeeper's son at all, but Carson Fitzmaurice, son of the Earl of Warwickshire. Really much more important than the Darnley's and such a really charming boy. I'm sure my wise Eloise knew all along, although dear Kenneth says not.

This is such a charming country, and to think Eloise will live in this quaint English country atmosphere. Dear Kenneth was thrown in the hunt, nothing serious, and it's really quite the thing, you know. His Highness, himself, does it so much.

Will let you know when the engagement is announced.

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

Warwickshire.

My dear Alphonse:

Eloise is a most ungrateful daughter. After all I've done to get her a titled husband, she insists that young Fitzmaurice renounce his right to the Earldom. Am doing my best to make her reconsider.

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

London.

My dear Alphonse:

This is too much. Dear Kenneth and I are sailing at once. Eloise and young Fitzmaurice were married at a registry this morning and are sailing for a ranch in Canada. How I could exist if it were not for dear Kenneth and my smelling salts, I don't know! When I might have been the mother of Lady Fitzmaurice of London and Warwickshire, I am only the mother of Mrs. Carson Fitzmaurice of somewhere in Canada. Truly, my nerves are in a state of collapse.

Will be with you soon.

Your affectionate sister,

LAURA.

—Mary Savage, '27.

## Ins and Outs

St. Teresa's musical ability was realized when four aspiring young pianists—Kathleen Soden, Mary Marqua, Gladys Grouse and Catherine Clarke—represented the College at the Kansas City Federation of Music Clubs held on March 24, at the Hotel Baltimore.

At the two performances of the play presented by the Senior Class of Redemptorist High School, March 16 and 17, our orchestra played and received many very favorable comments.

\* \* \*

The nurses of St. Joseph's Hospital will be graduated in the College Auditorium, April 24. The College orchestra and members of the piano and vocal departments will take part in the program.

\* \* \*

The studio of St. Teresa's will welcome all visitors to its annual exhibit which will be held from May 22 to June 2. The special feature this year will be an array of china in various colors and designs. Marie McNamara seems to have a fetish for vases since Christmas—she has just completed her third which will be the base of a lamp. No less attractive, however, is her breakfast set, appropriately decorated with violets.

Mildred Pearson is spending every spare moment on a unique gold encrusted dinner set, and a vase decorated with peacocks in lustre. Mildred is especially enthusiastic over a water color painting of an Indian head which she has just completed.

In fact, most of our students are anything but amateurs. An ideal display of china featuring a Stephanie vase in the making by Kathleen Soden is attractive enough to make anyone stop and take notice.

Mary Kane received much praise earlier in the year for her work in polychrome art and is now devoting all her attention to a beautiful Grecian vase.

Virginia Greene has recently completed a fireplace screen which would haunt any home lover. It is artistically designed and cleverly painted.

Hazel Robinson and Marian Snow are noticeably partial to water color, and Ruth Steer to charcoal and crayon.

Mary Catherine McCusker has a fruit set decorated with blackberries which might grace the daintiest of breakfast rooms.

Our visitors need never worry about being bored by repetition in the art rooms for Windmoor students certainly seek variety in school work as well as in pleasure. For most of them painting is a combination of both.

\* \* \*

Strenuous practicing has been going on for the past month under the capable direction of Miss Engleman, our dramatic instructor. Who? What? When? —the Senior Class will present "The Charm School" on May 1, and we have every reason to believe it will be a great success.

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## The Meaning of the Constitution Today

Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, Fellow Citizens, lend me your ears, for I am come to praise the American constitution, the Constitution of our United States. Almost a century and a half have elapsed since our forefathers set forth in the constitution the principles of this new nation. We may indeed exalt their labors for theirs was a most difficult task, and wondrously well done. They erected for their descendants a firm skeleton around which a powerful government has developed and is constantly developing, although not one word in the constitutional formula of the United States has changed. This continual expansion is due to the elasticity of the constitution which has permitted it to be stretched out through amendment, interpretation and usage to meet the swiftly changing political and economic conditions of the country. Hence our constitution has lived on and is stronger today than at any previous epoch.

It was just one hundred and fifty years ago that old mother earth gave birth to this new nation, which in its infancy was composed of thirteen disunited states. They had no national form of government, no prestige abroad. They were a purely agricultural country dependent entirely on the foreign nations for their manufactured goods which was delivered them in vessels foreign made and foreign manned. How startling then to realize that the pattern of government laid down for that struggling little nation in its hours of distress has been so expanded that it is the very foundation of this American Commonwealth.

Now the United States is a great world power. It excels in commerce, industry and government, and it is the government, that American Constitutional theory, which stabilized the commerce and the industry. It is the commerce clause, giving Congress the power to regulate commerce with the foreign nations and among the several states, which has made our nation so superior commercially, today. Over two thousand decisions have been handed down regarding this clause and as a result the regulations of commerce have been construed to include every kind of transportation of goods and passengers, whether from abroad or from one state to another, by ship, by rail or through the air. It includes the power to prohibit immigration. Under it are enacted laws for controlling the telephone, telegraph, cable and radio, as in our past session of Congress the new Federal Radio Commission was established. It governs the giant business combinations and under its power the trusts, monopolies and pooling agreements are curbed.

Coincidental with the commerce clause is the money clause which gives Congress the right to lay taxes to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States. Again one wonders at the wisdom of the founders of our constitution. It is inconceivable how the leaders of that nation which had no financial status mapped out a perfect system which has proven so successful that it has been enlarged to meet more fully the immense money

problems of this era. That marvelous Federal Reserve Bank system is a modern outgrowth of this phase of the constitution.

And along with these many economic changes has come a changed social concept. Although the American government has ever been a government by the people, in the very beginning of its existence this was only theoretically true. Suffrage was in nearly all states limited by various conditions which excluded a considerable number of the free inhabitants. The ban was gradually lifted, however, and after the Civil War even the negro was given the franchise. Then with the passing of the nineteenth amendment in 1920 women were permitted to vote, thus making our present government truly by the people. This amendment has strongly influenced the position of the American woman and today her citizenship rights are practically on a parity with those of men. These rights as granted in the constitution guarantee the protection of life, liberty and property to all citizens whether in the United States or foreign territory—a guarantee which has inspired each individual to strive hard in the full knowledge that he will be amply protected. And that such is the fact is now being shown in our difficulty with Mexico over the American oil interests there. Too, it is this assurance of protection which has made necessary the despatch of marines to China and to Nicaragua to guard our foreign-dwelling countrymen's constitutional rights.

But though the United States stands for liberty, it is a liberty under law, for the Federal government reserves to itself the right of limiting individual liberty in securing the welfare of the whole. This is clearly brought home to us in the sixteenth and eighteenth amendments, the income tax and prohibition amendments.

So we see the constitution is not a mere lawyer's document. It is the vehicle of a nation's life. At the hands of the Supreme Court it has received an adaptation and an elaboration which would fill its founders of the simple days with amazement. Five generations of Americans have been sheltered by its wings. They have seen the area of our country more than trebled with distant tropical islands added as colonies. They have seen our population increase twenty-five fold and our wealth over sixty fold. We see it today still intact and still supreme, the foundations of our national liberty and order, standing ready to meet all the vast changes brought about by the World War.

—Geraldine Fitzgerald.

St. Joseph's Day, March 19, is the patronal feast of our faculty, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. This year the feast was especially celebrated by the faculty and students because it was the Silver Jubilee of Sister Sylvia Marie.

High Mass was sung by Rev. John Doyle in the college chapel. The decoration of the altars and the chapel was unusually beautiful, and seemed to speak the glory of the services.

Sister Sylvia Marie, who is the registrar of St. Teresa College, in company with Sister Berenice, the registrar of Fontbonne College, St. Louis, is at pres-

ent attending the convention of American Registrars in Atlanta, Georgia.

Dr. J. D. Elliff, president of the North Central Association and Professor of Education at the University of Missouri, will open the convention.

## THE ORATORICAL CONTEST—

The elimination contest for representatives in the annual Constitution oratorical contest was held April 4. Those taking part and the subjects they treated were:

Madeline Bowen—"Lincoln and the Constitution."

Dorothy Dye—"Marshall and the Constitution."

Geraldine Fitzgerald—"What the Constitution Means Today."

Josephine Fettes—"Marshall and the Constitution."

Frances Harrington—"Our Contribution to Constitutional History."

Virginia Hamill—"Hamilton and the Constitution."

Mary Ryan—"Marshall and the Constitution."

The judges, Reverend J. N. V. McKay, Mr. Frank C. Marqua, and Mr. James McQueeney, selected Geraldine Fitzgerald to represent our school at Loretto Academy in the district contest April 8. Mary Ryan and Frances Harrington were given second and third places respectively.

—Catherine Clarke, '27.

## Spring Fever

Poets sing of it, authors describe it, everybody feels it, but what is it? I could travel the world over asking this question and everywhere I would get a different answer. It is a disease to which we are all susceptible? If so, is then there not some remedy?

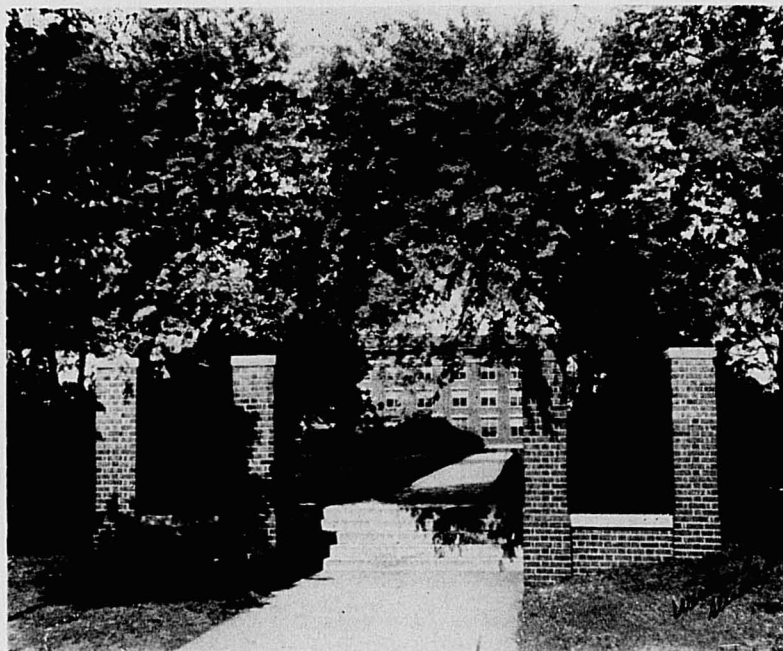
This so-called disease affects people in different ways. It makes some restless, some lazy, some indifferent, and some adventurous. One day we are going along in the same old way, working a little, playing a little, and sleeping a little, but the next day something new has entered our lives. We are happy and gay, or moody and sad, as the case may be. Some authorities on the subject would say that we are in love. But that seems a little too strong for me; truly we can be excited without being in love. However, there is some sort of a legend to the effect that spring is the season for the lovers.

There is another point from which we can consider this malady. On the first balmy day of spring all thoughts of work and study are put aside. We take out our tennis rackets, our golf clubs and baseball bats. The corner lot again swarms with the youth of the neighborhood, while the young Ty Cobb's limber up their arms and legs. A portion of the lot is reserved for the marble ring; here fortunes are won and lost as the many colored agates change hands. The tennis courts lure many of the older children who again practice the different strokes which will make them famous or otherwise.

When you sit down to read and cannot distinguish the words; when you can sit for hours doing nothing, then you may know that you are stricken and only time will heal you.

—Frances Hogan, '28.





## ST. TERESA COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

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Junior College—Member of the American Association of Junior Colleges and accredited by the University of Missouri.

High School—Member of the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges and accredited by the University of Missouri and the Catholic University of Washington, D. C.

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A high-class school for young women and girls. Fully accredited. The building is entirely fire-proof and completely equipped as to laboratory and library facilities. The Departments of Art, Music, and Expression are supplied with highly competent teachers, and offer strong courses. Students have the privilege of attending concerts, dramatic performances, lectures on music and art, under proper chaperonage. Those completing the standard Junior College Course may secure the State Teachers' Certificate. The comfort and physical well-being of the students is given careful consideration, and all enjoy private rooms. Athletics are encouraged but are not allowed to interfere with regular scholastic work. Horseback riding, hockey, archery, tennis and basket ball are among the forms of exercise provided. The school, surrounded by a twenty-acre campus, is ideally located in the Country Club District, considered one of the most beautiful residential sections in the United States.

FOR YEAR BOOK ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

## St. Teresa College and Academy

Kansas City, Missouri

## Watermelon Effects

At the southernmost part of South America, forming a buttress against the sea, is an age-worn cliff of rock surmounted by a medieval castle. This castle, in which was maintained a diminutive but formal Spanish court, guarded Paula, heiress to the throne of Spain, and her only playfellow, her sister Cinta, four years younger than Paula.

Paula had never been allowed the companionship of any children other than her sister, and now we find her eager for a little life and fun before her recall to Spain, to the throne, and to marriage. Cinta, having none of the dull cares of the queen, was full of mischief, and the staid court was a great trial to her. Being a princess bothered her not a particle, and she solemnly vowed to give Paula a taste of the real life she so desired. The court of the castle did not consider Cinta the best companion possible for Paula, but the court in Spain paid no attention to their complaints.

From the chamber in the castle, Cinta watched the ever beginning and soon ending South American revolutions. No one ever knew when or why they would begin; no one knew just how long they would last. Not even the participants knew these things. So Cinta watched from her window and then laughed and danced when the celebrations began in the town after the fighting and quarrelling was over.

"Oh Paula, I do believe this one's over," sighed Cinta regretfully from her window, "and just as they were beginning to throw things accurately, too. You know," she continued as she faced her sister who was reading of the United States, whence her future husband was to come, "I believe they just start these things for the sake of the carnivals that are sure to follow." It was Paula's turn to sigh.

"How I envy the poorest one of them. They may be nobody's but they're happy and free! Do you realize that we haven't left these grounds over eight times since we came, nineteen years ago?"

"That isn't so astonishing. We aren't supposed to live or be free like other humans, because we are princesses, and you," Cinta added softly, "will some day be our queen."

"Pray that it won't be soon!" and agitatedly leaving her chair Paula paced the room. "I would give a year of my life for one hour to mingle with those people." A sudden light danced in Cinta's eyes as she sensed a lark.

"Oh, let's," she cried, "let's go down and dance and play for just a little while tonight."

"Don't be foolish. How could we? We'd be recognized in a moment and then—," she broke off significantly.

"No, we won't! We'll be masked—they all are—we'll get one of the maid's clothes and dress as peasants." As she spoke she uncoiled the dark braids Paula wore about her head. "See, leave your hair down and with a rose and a bandanna about your head, you'll be a perfect dancing girl. Will you?"

A little later two peasant girls, masked, were stopped by a guard as they slipped out a side gate.

"Oh, we're maids at the castle," the youngest told him, "and we're going to the carnival. Come along?" The guard smiled and shook his head.

"Can't. Be back by eleven and I'll let you in. Don't get into trouble."

The sisters were soon separated by the mobs and after three hours of dancing and joy, Cinta began to look for the future queen. Soon she found her, away from the crowd, with a young man. As they said goodbye the man begged for their names. They refused. Then he asked to meet them the next night at the carnival. Cinta, afraid for Paula, pulled her sister away and hurried to the castle.

The next night Paula pleaded so much for one more trip to town that Cinta, against her better judgment, dressed and again they mingled with the crowd. When Cinta found her sister and the young man they were returning confidences. Cinta was alarmed until she heard the story Paula was telling.

"My name is Paula and I am named after my future queen, the Princess Paula. My companion and I are only servants at the Royal castle. But my queen would like to change places with me," Paula said dreamily, "and you—?" But here the guardian Cinta once more dragged her away. As they hurried toward the castle Cinta admonished her.

"We must not come again. It is too dangerous. We might be recognized."

"You are cruel, Cinta. It was you who wanted to come first. Are you losing your daring spirit?"

"No; but it is you who are in danger and my spirit could not help you if we are caught."

"We won't be. And I must see him just once more. He was going to tell me all about himself when you interrupted."

"Forget all about it. I was crazy to ever suggest leaving the castle."

"No, you weren't dear. You have given me two nights of real life. But I must have a third—maybe a fourth or fifth!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Paula, you must not go again."

"But I shall, I shall go tomorrow, with or without you."

All the next day Cinta begged her to forget the carnival and her new-found lover, and believing that Paula would not go alone refused to go with her. So the sisters quarreled, and after dinner Cinta left Paula reading with the Duchess, their chaperon, and wondered alone on the cliffs. Coming through the garden several hours later, the Duchess, some guards, and a few men of the court met her anxiously.

"Princess, the time has come! Spain is waiting to claim Princess Paula. She is now our queen!" The air almost strangled Cinta. The dreaded time had come. Poor Paula!

"We cannot find the Princess in the castle, is she not with you?"

"Not in the castle—? Did I not leave her with you?" demanded Cinta angrily of the Duchess.

"Yes, but after a little she complained of a headache and went to her room. When we missed her we thought perhaps she had gone to find you. Oh nothing could have happened, could it? And we are to leave tomorrow for Spain." The Duchess was almost in tears.

So Paula had gone to meet him after all. Cinta conquered her impulse to scream. Paula must be brought back immediately and safely.

"No, she is quite safe," Cinta told them in a calm voice. "I will bring her to the castle at once. All of you wait for us in the drawing room. No, I do not need anyone to accompany me. Go!" she commanded. And as soon as they were out of sight she improvised a mask from her fan, and gathering her lacy mantilla about her, sped through the garden gate. Straight to their meeting place she ran and found them unmasked and Paula in the young man's arms.

"Paula!"

"Cinta! What are you doing here in those clothes?"

"Oh! you must come quickly—word has come," she ended tragically.

"No—not so soon!" Paula cried hysterically.

"We leave for Spain tomorrow Paula! But Paula lay unconscious at her feet. As they waited for Paula to recover, Cinta saw the man who was holding her sister for the first time as a possible brother-in-law. She knew he was not Spanish, and knew he was poor from his rough clothes. But he was not likely to sell himself for a title or wealth either, she thought proudly.

"Will you tell me who she is, and why she fainted just now," he asked softly.

Cinta sighed. "It would be only fair to you, but you must promise never to repeat it—even think of it again, as long as you live."

"I promise; and Paula would trust me anyway."

"Then I'll trust you, too. First of all we are sisters."

"I rather felt you were," the young man said.

"Years ago we were brought from Spain to this castle—not as servants but as Spanish princesses, to await the time when Paula—our parents having been killed in an attempt to overthrow their line of sovereignty—could be put upon the throne. The time has come tonight. She will return to Spain as queen and will be married to an American whom the court has selected."

"What—!" But it was too late for further words. Guards who had followed Cinta broke in upon the scene, arrested their companion, picked up Paula and hurried them away to the castle. Their adventure had been discovered and the peasant was to be shot immediately for daring to make love to their princess, notwithstanding the fact he could not possibly have known who Paula was.

"You are worse than the infidels who start these revolutions," Cinta stormed at the men of the court. But Paula, fighting for a precious life, instead of pleading assumed her queenly power.

"You cannot take his life. There is no harm, no offense."

"But the council in Spain will decree it when they hear."

"Until then you cannot kill him."

"Then he will be gone—escaped. We will take no chances."

"I am your queen. I alone command."

"The council really commands. You will see."



Paula, waiting for the sounds of the guns, tore from the room into the courtyard, and placing herself between the firing squad and Robbie, cried defiantly. "Shoot if you dare! A skirmish followed but above it all Cinta's voice was heard from the terrace.

"Revolution! Another revolt has begun!" And the soldiers, finding a real fight at hand, raced away to town, leaving in the courtyard the three principals and several diplomats. Robbie, released from the post to which he had been tied, silenced the angry babble of the men.

"You've had your game, now I'll have mine. We go to war for less than you've done tonight. I'm from Missouri, U. S. A!"

"America!" they chorused.

"And I am the man selected for the Princess Paula's husband."

"Robbie!"

"But I will not marry to become king of a country composed of such blockheads as you," he told the diplomats. "However, my dear," turning to Paula, "if you will marry me, I'll take you to a real land, to a real home, to Kansas City!"

"But I cannot," cried Paula, "I'm the queen."

"Never mind," soothed the American, "they won't hold that against you over there, and you will soon live it down."

"Oh-h!" laughed Cinta.

"Oh!" Cinta Murphy picked herself up from beneath the hammock where she had fallen in her sleep. A few feet away her sister Paula and husband, Robbie McIntosh, looked up and laughed.

"You would eat a third piece of watermelon, wouldn't you?" mocked Robbie. "You've been yelling 'Revolutions,' and fighting that pillow for all you were worth. Is the war over?"

—Louise Walsh.

## A Visit to the Kansas City Water Works

The General Science Class will long remember its visit to Quindaro. Through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas D. Samuels, chief engineer and superintendent, Mr. William T. Fleming, director of the Water Works Department, and Mr. George F. Gilkison, chief chemist, our class enjoyed not only one of the most delightful and interesting scientific treats of the year but one of the most instructive lessons in our department.

Automobiles were supplied by some of our parents and at nine-thirty we circled around the College driveway enroute to Quindaro. We arrived at the works at ten-thirty and in a few minutes Mr. Gilkison introduced himself as our guide. We were immediately directed to the "intake," a structure built directly on the bank of the Missouri, from which we receive our supply of water. We were interested in the "apron baffle," a construction of timber extending four feet below the water surface and floored over, forming a sort of working platform for cleaning out the screens on the outside of the "intake." Three tanks ninety feet deep, and about twenty feet square, are located inside the "intake" and in these compartments the muddy Missouri deposits some of its water.

From here it is carried through pipes to the reservoir, about six hundred feet from the "intake." The first impression given me on looking down on that vast body of water in the reservoir was the same as when I looked down from the light house off Lake Superior and saw the volume of water below me. I will compare the reservoir to a lake, but this lake has five separate compartments, better known as basins.

It is here that I fully realized how much Kansas City is doing to preserve the health of its people. The water, as I said, flows from the "intake" into what is known as Basin I and here the water passes through filtering processes. It then passes into Basin II and the water is allowed to settle. Basins I and II are scoured very frequently. The water now passes into Basin III where alum and lime are mixed with it. This is the first chemical solution to come in contact with the water, and it is quite noticeable for after the chemicals are applied the mixing baffle causes the water to descend to the bottom of the basin and flow up again and over the top of the baffle. After the mixing process the water takes on a clear blue hue. The water is now drawn into Basin IV where it is allowed to remain quiet in order that any impure organism may settle. The water is then transported to Basin V. It is now ready to be drawn off into the city supply tanks. But as it passes back of the chlorine house it comes in contact with chlorine. This gas kills any harmful bacteria, especially the bacillus or typhoid germ. The water is then ready for consumption and we receive it from our hydrants in a pure state.

This excursion to the Kansas City Water Works has enlivened my interest in the welfare of my city. It has made me proud to know that I am an inhabitant of a city that is sparing no effort on its part to preserve the life of its people. I came back from Quindaro a more loyal citizen and a more appreciative individual.

—Eileen O'Hern, '30.

## From a Farm House Window

The call of the meadow-lark from a bush close by my window awakened me. From this window I could see the country for miles around. The wide expanse of meadow, dotted here and there with yellow buttercups and daisies, looked new and fresh in the early morning sun. The spirea bush directly under my window looked like a patch of snow on the back-ground of green. The apple tree, pink and white and fragrant, the blue jays flitting in and out among the branches all tended to make the scene more picturesque and delightful. Not far away, half hidden among a bank of fern and crocus blossoms, where tall, stately birch trees threw their slender shadows, rippled a little stream. The sound made by the water rushing over the rocks made one feel anxious for a swim or a fishing excursion. But vision of strawberries floating in thick cream tempted the appetite and made one hasten to breakfast without further delay or concentration on the beauty of the scene.

—Dorothy Jane Dickmann.



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## Yes or No

The household of Cornelius Buchanan was a well-ordered one even though it had not been under the guidance of a feminine hand for over twenty years. After the death of his wife no women, outside of a number of insignificant maid servants, had ever crossed the threshold of his old Virginia home. One would indeed be brave who wished to enter it, for Cornelius Buchanan was not a congenial soul—it has been said that the servants who had been with the family for half a century or more were wont to shake in their boots when the "master" lost his temper, which was quite often. It was, therefore, a most memorable day when the old houseman was commanded to prepare the yellow guest chamber in the east wing. The master's granddaughter was coming to live at "The Columns." The day arrived and everything was in readiness when pretty twenty-year-old Penelope Pickard walked into the great library where her grandfather was waiting.

"Why, you know grandfather, I expected to meet a terrible old bear, and well—you are rather like one." This frankness, while very charming, was not wholly appreciated by grandfather. He burst into a storm of fury—but deep down in his heart I think he rather admired this slip of a girl for her courage.

A year has passed since that momentous day. Grandfather and granddaughter have agreed many times to disagree and have always agreed to "make up." But today when Penelope entered the library at her grandfather's bidding, it seemed to her that she had never seen him more angry. She had done nothing especially out of the ordinary, though she did ride Prince—

"What do you mean by allowing a man to write you such letters?" The angry voice of old Cornelius broke off her reverie. "It must be Jack's last letter, but how on earth did he get it?"

"I thought, sir, that I was at least allowed to receive letters without having them read." All her southern fighting spirit was up.

"How dare you say such a thing. Who wrote this—?" He waved the paper in the air.

"How can I know until I read it? You know, I correspond with more than one male." And Penelope smiled. Her anger had cooled suddenly and she was rather enjoying the little tete-a-tete—old people are so old-fashioned.

"I love you with all my heart and don't forget that as soon as I get my degree we—" Do you get such letters from all your male acquaintances?"

"Why, oh, that's from Jack and we intend to do just what he said in the letter. Oh, grandfather, he is a dear, and—"

"That's enough of this rot. You please understand that you are to receive no more letters from this young man. How long has this been going on?"

"I've known him since I was only sixteen and I most certainly do not intend to stop writing to him."

"You will. Now go to your room and dress for dinner. An old school friend of mine and his grandson will be here at 6:30. Old King's boy is my choice of a husband for you."

"You needn't waste your time trying to marry me off to some old dud. I am twenty-one and I can choose my own husband." With this she picked up her riding crop and went out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Why did guardians have to be so disagreeable? Well, if he wouldn't consent they would just have to elope, but she did like her grandfather and would hate to spoil his dreams.

"I don't care. I intend to be as hateful as possible to grandfather's choice. So, having dressed for dinner, she went downstairs looking anything but hateful, but all prepared to fight. The guests had not arrived so Penelope went out in the garden to plan her mode of attack on the poor victim. While doing so a man came up the path toward her—something about him struck her as being vaguely familiar. But no, she didn't know him. So she turned to go back to the house when she was stopped by a voice which made her heart leap.

"Penelope, what are you doing here?" She turned and sure enough her ears had not deceived her—it was Jack.

"Why Jack, I—," and she got no further just then, but later everything was straightened out.

That night when Cornelius Buchanan again suggested, more meekly than before, to Penelope that Jack King be a possible husband for her and when she sweetly consented, he received the greatest surprise of his life. And perhaps for him it affirmed the theory that a woman's "no" means "yes."

—Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '27.

## Ever Helpful

His cheery smile greets you in the early morning and when you return in the evening, tired and cross from a busy day, the same irrepressible grin and courteous nod awaits you. Rosy cheeks and strawberry lips are his, while a jaunty cap imprisons the willful curly hair and partly shades the twinkling blue eyes that seem to find life one merry laugh. And those enchanting gold buttons on his uniform for which indeed many little boys would give half a life. His big hands are discreetly gloved in black kid gloves in perfect harmony with his suit. Fate has declared that the fortunes of this young man must continually rise and fall. And who is he? Only the ever helpful elevator boy.

—Virginia Kable, '27.

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## Speech-Making

Not long ago I was called upon to give a toast at a gathering of nearly two hundred people. It was my first experience so, needless to say, I was terrified at the idea. I have made it a practice to avoid dinners at which "tiresome speeches" were likely to be given; consequently, I did not have even the slightest idea of what constituted a speech. Someone got the idea that I was a poet, and so told me to create a poem embodying the cause of the dinner. Anyone who has composed a toast knows what difficulty I got into there. I had almost despaired, when it suddenly occurred to me to write in plain prose just what I thought of the organization which was entertaining.

Though I did not know it then, it is a big step in the right direction when the one preparing a toast will write in his own way, avoiding flowery language and flatteries, a few simple sentences concerning his subject. Without gaining too many gray hairs I completed my speech, and thought my worries over. But as the day and the hour came upon me, I contracted that well known disease, "stage fright." My turkey dinner went almost untouched; my hands were ice cold, and my voice shook. I heard the toastmaster announcing me; dragging myself to my feet and mustering a smile, I began. I have often heard that once you start, the rest follows easily. But the more I talked, the more my teeth chattered. That speech was really an ordeal.

But imagine my surprise when after the dinner, people congratulated me on my self-control as well as on my paper. I was dazed for a moment; then I realized that I had "put it over." I had striven for self-control and I had tried to appear natural, with the best of results. That taught me a lesson. Four times out of five you will, with a little courage, much determination, and hopes for the best, "put it over" in spite of yourself.

—Louise Walsh, '26-'28.

## On Writing a Sonnet

Of course you have heard of such a thing as a sonnet; it is a beautiful type of poetry made up of fourteen lines and divided into two parts, the octave and sestet. Now you know I have studied my English diligently, but even so the sonnet is not as easy to write as it is to define. You did not know that students wrote sonnets? Oh yes, but of course we are a very advanced class—not everyone has that privilege; if you wish to call it that. First of all one must have a subject (it is the usual custom to write about something), then write a line. This first step is the easiest and after that your troubles begin, which disproves the saying that a man has to be married before he has any difficulties. Before going to the second line, I will give a little explanation of the rhyming, now listen carefully. A-b-b-a-a-b-b-a-; do not mistake me. I learned my alphabet in the first grade and can recite it without any qualms. Those letters denote the lines that must rhyme. You understand? That's good, for I am not very expert in explaining. Oh dear, the rest is terribly hard, although I do not know why. All you have to do is to write down line after line, until there are four-

teen, each having just so many words, each rhyming with a right line. The last six lines must be a sort of conclusion to the story—you know what I mean—something like this:

And as the sun was sinking in the west  
I put away my pen that I might rest.  
—Mary Elizabeth Stokes, '27.

## Thoughts on Forests

Great trees of marvelous height and majesty,  
Which deep within our northern forests stand,  
To you who hold protection o'er our land,  
To you is given sway o'er all the free  
And yet when all is said, 'tis just a tree.  
Though on our shores the waves break on the sand,  
And on our boundaries mighty armies band,  
Into your hands we give the nation's key  
For could this country live without your care?  
Without your help, how could the fires go  
And if our forests like the deserts bare,  
Stood barren and alone, how strange 't would show  
Without your pleading arms  
The soft and gentle rains would never flow.

—Dorothy Hackett.

## Fire Pictures

She struck the match and dropped it on a protruding slip of paper in the fireplace. Then she sank down on the divan to gaze at the fire. In a few seconds the dry kindling was enveloping the huge logs with bright yellow flames and a warm glow poured forth over the hearth casting flitting shadows around the otherwise dark room. In the fanciful surroundings her imaginative mind wandered from the realistic scene back to "ye olden days" of romance. The black logs before her became a besieged castle with the massive andirons as the guard towers. The sparks bursting forth from the flames were cannon balls fired by the castle's defenders. Then a new picture took form. Here was an enchanted forest. A ferocious dragon was in the center sending out clouds of smoke and flames at each breath. Ugly wolves and snakes were prowling around near him.

Again the scene changes. This time she sees a laughing crowd of girls riding in. But surely such a scene was not taken from among the logs. No, the silent watcher has passed into slumberland. Her fire pictures and dream visions have become one.

—Geraldine Fitzgerald, '27

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# ALUMNAE

## Home Coming Day

Home-coming Day, May 7, the big date in the Alumnae program for the year! Our home-coming days have been bigger and better each year and most especially are hopes set high for this one of 1927.

The program has been thoughtfully and painstakingly arranged for the pleasure and convenience of the girls and a real response is expected.

The Alumnae is the golden thread that runs through the life of a school. It binds the old and the new, the past and the present, each essential to each other for the lasting good of both.

### THE PROGRAM SATURDAY, MAY 7.

- 1:00 p. m.—Registration.....Alumnae Room  
Main Floor
- 1:30 p. m.—Buffet Luncheon in honor of  
the 1927 graduates.
- 3:00 p. m.—Business Meeting  
Study Hall
- 4:00 p. m.—Program in honor of the Fac-  
ulty and Sisters.  
Auditorium
- 4:30 p. m.—Benediction ..... Chapel  
Homecoming Day! Meet old friends  
and make new ones!

A treat is in store for the older girls on Homecoming Day when their old friend and teacher, Sister Pachomia, receives them. Many pleasant memories will be recalled by Sister's presence and happy school days lived over.

The Alumnae welcomes Sister Pachomia!

## Notices

### HOME COMING DAY

Chairman of Arrangements—Mrs. George Korty.

Refreshment Committee—Mrs. Alfred Straufus, Mrs. Howard Mosier.

Any information regarding Homecoming may be had by calling Mrs. George Korty, Hiland 2768.

## Alumnae Social Service Department

The Social Service department of the Alumnae, still in its infancy, at present is confining its efforts to work in two fields.

It has, under the auspices of the Children's Bureau of Kansas City and the City Circle of Catholic Alumnae, been conducting health centers for the Catholic children of pre-school age. These centers are held for the purpose of finding and correcting physical deficiencies in the child before he enters school life, thus fitting him for mental development. We have received gratifying cooperation from the pastors. This has enabled us to hold two successful centers, one at the Visitation School and the other at Saint James' School. These activities will be continued this spring at Saint Monica's, Saint Elizabeth's, Saint Theresa and the Guardian Angel schools.

The other work of the department is

carried on in connection with the National Council of Catholic Women. This organization is interested in furthering the spread of the Catholic religion in outlying rural districts. In order to prepare workers for this undertaking a school for catechists has been established in which several members of the Saint Teresa Alumnae are enrolled.

In order to be successful in the undertakings it is necessary to have faithful workers. Will all who are interested please volunteer? Further information may be secured by calling the chairman of the Social Service Committee, Miss Anna Stewart, Westport 6209.

## Luncheon

At the luncheon given by the Educational Department of the Saint Teresa Alumnae, at the Kansas City Club, Saturday, April 2, Dr. Thomas Purcell was the speaker. In his paper on Catholic Education Dr. Purcell stressed the importance of a Catholic education as compared with mere instruction in Christian doctrine. In the process of Catholic education Catholicism permeates every subject whereas a separate and distinct instruction in Christian doctrine has not the force to extend itself effectively into the other branches of learning. Dr. Purcell also pointed out that the motif of Catholic education ran through this life into the next and that the true assimilation thereof was the soul's salvation really effected.

The following girls attended:

Mesdames M. G. Brown, T. E. Doyle, Edward Hauber, George Korty, George Noonan, K. Saunders, F. G. Wirthman, Emmett Brasnahan. Misses Lucy Hamilton, Teresa Donahue, Willie Mae Brown, Catherine Blizard, Mary Ahern, Frances Helm, Margaret O'Reilly, Kathleen McDonald, Helen Purcell, Marie Straub, Helen Stewart, Anna Stewart, Florence Regnery, Cecilia Allen, Hildred Honan, Teresa Bruening, Grace Breen, Virginia Casey, Monica Ryan.

## Our Membership List

Our Alumnae membership list is much in need of revision. Marriage and change of address has rendered our present list totally inadequate. We ask your co-operation to the extent that change of name or address be promptly reported to the Alumnae secretary.

KATHLEEN McDONALD,  
3515 Virginia Ave.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Those girls who are interested in social service of any variety please apply to Miss Anna Stewart, 3532 Pennsylvania Avenue, Westport 6209.

## Glimpses

Landscapes streaming by through the train window—drab Missouri under winter's stern spell, hilly Arkansas and Tennessee, desolate, repellant Louisiana swamps, then New Orleans.

New Orleans at Mardi Gras time, so the Crescent City in a holiday mood greeted us. Throngs of merry-makers crowded the streets and a changed atmosphere pervaded. The parades at regular intervals from morning until night were eagerly and enthusiastically watched. The beauty and detailed fineness of the floats impressed the most casual observer—not a tawdry or garish display, but an artistic achievement inspired by the civic pride in that traditional event.

Throughout the city sights of interest abound but especially does the old section, or Vieux Carre intrigue one's imagination. This section is divided from the new by the famous Canal street, in the center of which the street cars operate on neutral space built over a flowing canal. The Vieux Carre is truly called the Paris of America, the narrow streets, row after row of antiquated brick houses, arched doorways, grilled windows, wrought iron galleries, all contribute to the Old World atmosphere that prevades.

The famous Jackson Square, so named from the statue of General Andrew Jackson in the center, is surrounded by the Cabildo, where the Louisiana Purchase was effected. Saint Louis Cathedral erected in 1792, the Courts Building, in the prison section of which the famous pirate, Jean L. Fitte, was confined, and the Pantalba Building, America's first apartment, erected in the eighteenth century, where the elite of the city dwelt. General Beauregard's residence, the French Market, built on the same site the Indians used for trading purposes before the coming of the white men to Louisiana, the old Absinthe House, erected in 1798, meeting place of famous men, these are but a few historic spots in the French quarter.

The method of burying the dead in New Orleans is very unique because the city being below sea level, beyond three feet underground is water. Interment is, therefore all above ground in mausoleums, tombs or ovens, as the crypts in the cemetery walls are termed. The poorer classes are buried in the latter, these ovens being purchased outright or rented. The method of embalming enforced by state law destroys all flesh within a year and a day; after that time the oven may be opened and another coffin placed therein, the bones of the earlier departed being placed in the rear.

Off from New Orleans with Havana the next stop, the steamer, gala with over-colored streamers and balloons, left the peopled wharf dim in the distance, and after one hundred and ten miles down the Mississippi entered the Gulf of Mexico. The morning of the second day



# FLICKERINGS

found us anchored in the harbor of Havana, Morro Castle and Cabana Fortress on the east and the Punto on the west. Morro Castle, built in the sixteenth century by the Spanish, is a typical medieval structure and is now used by the army of Cuba for training quarters. Cabana Fortress cost fourteen million dollars and was eleven years in the building, 1763 to 1774. It was the scene of many cruel persecutions of Cuban patriots during Spanish rule.

Ashore in Havana a maze of impressions! The inner part of the city is old and up to the time of American occupation had narrow, crooked streets, unkept and unpaved. The newer portion of the city is well designed, however, with broad streets, beautiful promenades, drives, parks and plazas. The buildings and homes are of Spanish architecture and all constructed of limestone and marble, neither brick nor lumber being obtainable there. All better class Cuban homes have a patio, profuse with shrubbery where birds sing and fountains play. The poor live in real poverty and squalor and have little place in the scheme of things.

Havana's magnificent sea drive, The Malecon, meaning embarkment or sea wall, outlined by brilliant lights, has been aptly called The Diamond Necklace. It is along here at night time that one can best see the process of "Window Courtship." The young maidens sheltered behind lacy but substantial window grilling receive their callers who heroically remain standing for hours. The alternative is calling upon young ladies in the presence of their entire family.

Columbus Cathedral, where Columbus' remains were interned before their removal to Spain, the Main Monument, the Casino, imposing Senate building, Opera and Presidential Palace, the open front stores, cafes, and saloons all make Havana a city of varied interest and beauty.

Leaving Havana from the Gulf of Mexico, through the Yucatan Channel into the Caribbean Sea, we arrived at La Ceiba, Honduras. Here was a typical Eugene O'Neil setting, forests of royal palms, outlining the beach of the blue, blue sea glistening in the brilliant tropical sunlight. Against a background of mountains the little town nestled on the very edge of the water. Honduran soldiers stood around the streets, garbed in ornate uniforms of French blue with gold braid, armed with bayoneted rifles; their dignity shattered, however, by the sight of their bare, black feet.

Taking a little "train" we traveled thirty miles into the interior to a Carib Indian village. The journey was worthwhile in itself; this train operated on narrow single track rails, had a steering wheel like that of a motor, and traveled at a terrific speed despite the incline or decline of the mountains. The track was laid in the density of the jungle and we were dashed through unsurpassed and

varying mahogany forests, fields of ripening pineapple, banana and sugar plantations, dense growths of luxuriant tropical verdure, palm and bamboo trees, and to the urban eye a miracle: orchids hanging in cascades from trees and shrubs.

The Carib Indian village was a revelation. These Indians, real savages, live in huts made of mud and banana leaves. They subsist entirely upon bananas, coconuts and fish, and up to nine years the children wear no clothing. Life in its simplest, most primitive form—barbaric, elemental, or bestial?

A four-day sea voyage then New Orleans once again, and so after these few glimpses of a little beyond we trod the beaten path once more.

—Genevieve Dillon.

## Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hodges (Katherine Dierks) are at home at 6940 Edgevale Road.

Miss Dorothy Helm has chosen Wednesday, May 18th as the date for her marriage to Mr. Joseph Geisel, Jr. The ceremony will be performed at the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul at nine-thirty o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hogan announce the engagement of their daughter, Anna May, to Mr. Edward Smith.

Miss Marceline Pendergast has returned to National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C., after spending the spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pendergast.

Mrs. Maurice Carroll is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Sanders announce the birth of a daughter whom they have named Elizabeth Ann, Mrs. Sanders was Miss Anna Quinn, '10.

Mrs. Margaret Scurry, '09, is recovering from a recent operation at Saint Mary's Hospital.

Miss Bernice Pearson and Miss Genevieve Dillon have returned from a visit in Havana and Honduras.

Miss Katherine Helm was recently mentioned as an honor student at Saint Mary's of the Woods College, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. William Schaefer announce the birth of a daughter whom they have named Eileen. Mrs. Schaefer was Miss Mabel Welsh, '23.

## City Circle Meeting

At the City Circle meeting held at the Catholic Community Club, Sunday, April 3, Miss Kathleen McDonald represented the Saint Teresa Alumnae. A discussion was held regarding the establishment of a fund providing a scholarship for the nuns attending summer school. Tentative plans for the members attendance at Mass, Redemptorist Church, and breakfast at the Hotel Ambassador, Sunday, May 8, were made.

The City Circle is a federation of the five Catholic alumnae of Kansas City associated with the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

I don't know the road,  
So please help me, God,  
To find the way  
To Thee.

It is not long,  
It must not be hard,  
Others have  
Preceded me.

I falter on the way,  
But, merciful God, remember  
I want to come  
To Thee.

—K. Helm.

## An Invitation to the Students and Alumnae of St. Teresa



To make the Sacred Heart better known and loved, we publish, each month, "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart," which is classed as the most beautiful and popular of Catholic magazines. 312,000 subscribers receive pleasure each month from its exquisite art plates, its interesting stories and instructive reading matter. That you may appreciate its beauty and worth, we invite you to fill out and mail the form below and we will send you a sample copy, or arrange at once to enjoy the magazine each month for a year by enclosing a one dollar money order with your name and address and mail it to us. Do not send cash in unregistered letters; it is never safe to do so. By securing five other subscriptions, it will entitle you to receive your own copy free for the year, or you may select, for securing five subscriptions, an attractive premium. These are listed in the advertising section of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart each month.

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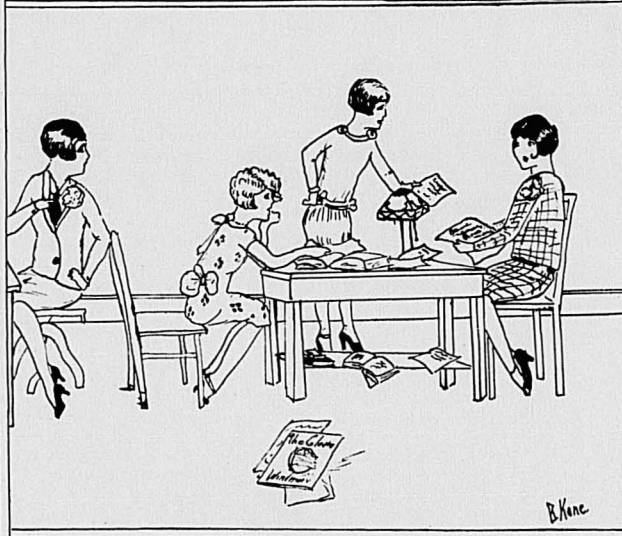
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## TWO NIGHTS BEFORE THE GLEAM GOES TO PRESS



## ONE NIGHT BEFORE THE GLEAM GOES TO PRESS



## Windmoor A B C's

A-sk us to play bridge—but don't get killed in the rush.

B-ricks. No door is without one. C-ampus Club.

D-rug Store! 55th and Brookside.

E-choes! We know walls have ears.

F-east. Postponed from 1 a. m. to 6 p. m.

G-unn. Retreat. April 10-14.

H-istorian. Dever and Clarke.

I-nfants, yet in some respects—Freshmen.

J-azz. Detrimental, too.

K-ram. The most familiar word in student's vocabulary.

L-ost: An appetite—Catherine Dever.

M-ail. Ask Irene Kingsbury.

N-o trump! says Lucille.

O-ffice. Those who enter here leave hope behind.

P-aints? We have a few artists.

Q-ueens. There are some in every school.

R-ising bell! Many are called but few get up.

S-olitaire!!!

T-elephone. Try and get near it.

U-nion!!!

V-acation. Forty more days.

W-ork. Five days a week—enough said!

X—the missing quartette.

Y-ellow and white—three cheers.

Z—multiplied many times equals a one o'clock college class at times.

Squirrel News: It takes about 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together but it only takes one to scatter it all over the landscape.

"How did you get so round-shouldered?"

"Winding up the phonograph for my daily dozen records."

"You certainly are a wonderful tennis player."

"I only wish you meant that."

"So do I."

First girl: "I shall never marry until I meet a man who is my direct opposite."

Second girl: "Well, there are lots of intelligent fellows in Kansas City."

Mary Savage: "I wouldn't think of sending my work to Harper's Magazine."

Adah—Why not?

Mary—I don't like the color of their rejection slips.

"Well, really, it's raining so hard we must give up the idea of going, girls!"

"Pancho": "Oh, we simply must go. I've already put it down in my diary that we went."

It is written that "Henry Ford has his ups and downs." So have his customers.

"Do you know what I heard?"

"No; what?"

"I herd sheep."

Why are a fisherman and a shepherd like leggars?

Because they live by hook and crook.

To the Editor: "Say, but your jokes are a poor lot."

Editor: "Oh, I don't know. I put a bunch in the stove and the fire just roared."

"Tried your new car yet?"

"Yes, had a fine ride."

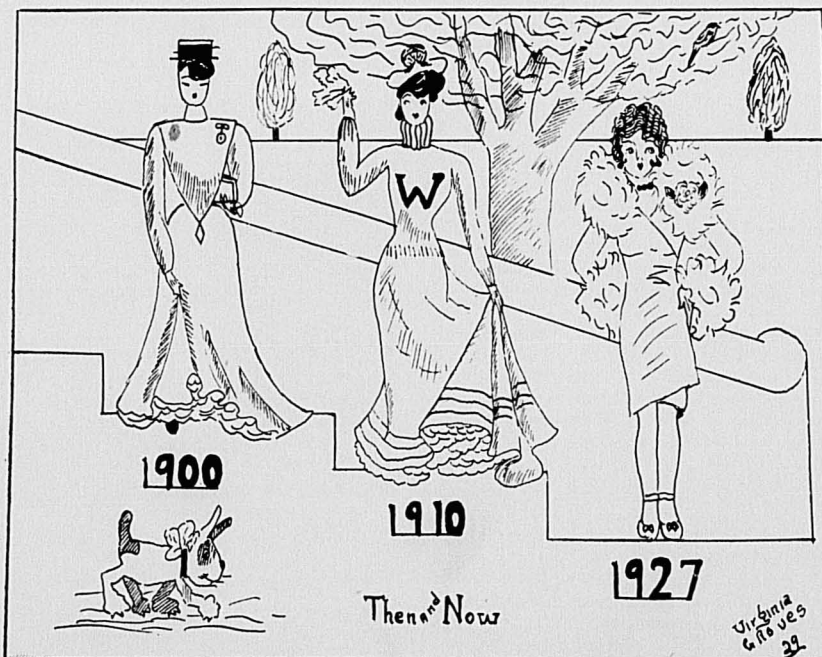
"Go fast?"

Not so fast as the cop. That's where the fine came in."

"You'd better keep your eyes open tomorrow."

"Why?"

"Because you can't see with them shut."





## Mountains

Mountains by moonlight, what marvels of beauty they are! High up in the heavens the round, full moon surrounded by her train of glittering stars, seems so much clearer and brighter in the mountain air, so much nearer amid the towering and majestic hills than in any other part of the earth. The tip of white snow on the top of the highest one is turned to silver and farther down but still above the timber line the same moon by her magic touch changes the mass of ugly, loose, red rocks into a shower of dull jewels. The sides of the mountains covered with forests of pine seem enveloped in a soft silver glow which dims and shades away when the outline of one mountain is lost behind another.

Then climbing along the sides of these mountains the winding, twisting road finds a long smooth stretch and forms a true "ribbon of silver" in the moonlight which twists and winds about tying a gigantic bow. And below, a frame for this landscape symphony in silver, the mountain stream reflects the moon in its smoother stretches and in its more turbulent passages, makes every tiny crest a sparkling diamond.

—Dorothy Hackett, '27.

## The Freshmen's Lament

Weep and they call us babies,  
Laugh and they call us fools;  
Yield and they call us cowards;  
Stand and they call us mules;  
Smile and they call us silly;  
Frown and they call us gruff;  
And if we put on a front like a million dollars

Someone would call us a bluff.

—Helen Skinner, '30.

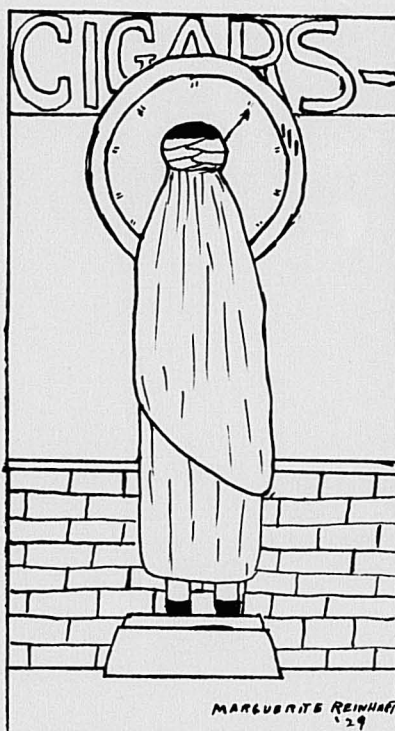
In case of fire—Freshmen stand still—  
green things don't burn.

—Helen Skinner, '30.

## A School Boy's Wail

I think it's mean to make us go to school  
And make us stay all through the long  
spring days,  
When weather's warm and something  
seems to say  
Come out and try the good ole swimmin'  
pool.  
It's just enough to make you break the  
rule  
When everyone in this whole world  
seems gay,  
Except us, who in the schoolrooms must  
stay.  
I think that we should try to overrule  
The law that makes us learn to read  
and write,  
Especially in the springtime of the year.  
My teacher says that I must study hard  
And never say that I cannot recite.  
But gee! it's hard when spring is almost  
here,  
All of a fellow's sports to disregard.

—Virginia Kable, '27.



An Arab stood on a weighing machine  
At the close of a lingering day;  
A counterfeit penny he dropped in the  
slot,  
And silently stole a weigh.

—M. E. R., '29.

Have you ever tried McCarty's Uptown Coffee? There are now more than one hundred Catholic Institutions using McCarty's Uptown Coffee—Why? Because it is the best coffee produced and because the wholesale price is 39c per pound in 50 1-lb. packages to a case, f. o. b. Kansas City. Try it and be convinced.

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## All Aboard for Leavenworth

### Basketball

A feeling of regret was evident among our peppy team when a game with Sion on March 11, closed the basketball season. Our final game was no less exciting than our first one and it was especially so when the score was tied for several minutes. The last second, however, a play was made; the gong sounded and the score read 21-20 with Sion the victors. Windmoor could not have been more enthusiastic if she had won, for that last play meant much to both sides.

"Will we show Immaculata? Sure we will."

This is the spirit which prevailed in the excited crowd pouring out of the front doors of Windmoor.

"Stand still a minute, girls!"

The elated group paused long enough to have their pictures taken then boarded the "Special" and were off to Leavenworth to "show" Immaculata.

We were delighted to have Mrs. Snow, of Upton, Wyo., the captain's mother, with us on the bus.

We were not far on our way when we heard a peculiar noise and someone said:

"What is that?"

"O, that's Gene Austin struggling to sing above the noise of the bus wheels, etc."

Sure enough, Marion's victrola was with us.

Someone hummed that age-old faithful refrain, "On, Windmoor!" and the crowd took it up, making the bus ring with joyous music.

Too soon we arrived at Leavenworth, piled out and went to view "the field of battle."

The whistle was heard and the game was on. The first two quarters were very exciting and left the spectators breathless.

Our girls fought heroically. With Madeline Dempsey in as guard we do not believe Jack Dempsey himself could have done better. Then the chorus of "Come on, girls, we're with you," floated out and Frances Flanagan made a pinch goal in the last three minutes. We put our Indian, Mary Ackerman, in during the third quarter, and speaking of stepping around, well Mary made Red Grange look slow.

After such a game we needed refreshments which we gaily procured, and then were off again.

A yell for team and one for our captain! We had not lost our enthusiasm.

Windmoor arrived home defeated in reality, but victorious in sportsmanship.

—Bridget Kane, '28.

### Tennis

Springtime at Windmoor is synonymous with rackets and balls, but no wonder, with our splendid courts, recently put in

prime condition. A tennis club has been organized, the members of which are all potential Suzanne Lenglen's. Unless the weather prevents, and April has been more than unfair so far, the courts are covered with aspirants for the tennis cup awarded each year. It is really surprising what a set before meals will do to help one's appetite if you happen to be among the favored few who live on milkshakes and yeast to gain weight. Not to discourage our other type just try a set after meals and the "taking off" effect will hardly be less noticeable.

---

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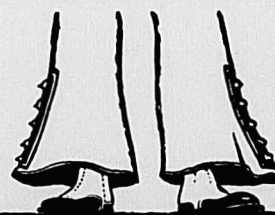
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